

Vol. V—No. 3

The Pathfinder

—
MARCH, 1911
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When *The Tatler* Told Its Tale

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR · TEN CENTS A COPY

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tennessee.

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Full page, one insertion,	\$ 6.00
Full page, three insertions,	15.00
Full page, six insertions,	25.00
Full page, twelve insertions,	48.00

Advertisements for one-half and one-quarter page are inserted for one-half and one-quarter of the above prices.

A sample copy and full particulars will be sent on request.

Address

THE PATHFINDER,
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

To annual subscription to THE
PATHFINDER, payable in advance,
to begin with issue of Jan., 1911,
and to end with issue of Dec.,
1911 \$1.00

[Please give your correct address below and return this slip.]

THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
THOMAS S. JONES, JR., *Asso. Ed'r.*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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The subscription price is One Dollar a year; Twenty-five Cents additional when sent to a foreign country. Single copies are Ten Cents.

All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of *The Pathfinder*, Sewanee, Tennessee.

VOLUME FIVE

The PATHFINDER resumes publication after an interval of six months. Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., one of the younger poets of achievement as well as promise, will be associated editorially.

The spirit and purpose of the little journal will remain the same. We hope that it will continue to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciation of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.



Early numbers of Volume Five will be given, in part, to an appreciation, with selections from the work, of some of our recent writers.

The April number will be devoted largely to William Sharp.

The Pathfinder

Vol. V]

MARCH, 1911

[No. 3

THE LAST SPRING

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

The first glad harbinger of Spring is here
That bears each time one miracle the more,
For in the sunlight is the golden ore,
The joyous promise of a waking year ;
And in that promise all clouds disappear
And youth comes back as it was once before,
For only dreams are real in April's store
When buds are bursting and the skies are clear.

Fair Season ! through the drifted years you stand
Ever a dream of wonderment the same,
And in your youth each lost and precious thing.
Thus in a mystery I understand
The deepest meaning of your lovely name,—
How it will be in that perpetual Spring !

WHEN "THE TATLER" TOLD ITS TALE

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE

This year, the centenary of the birth of Thackeray, will send some of us back to re-read *Pendennis* and *Esmond*, to renew old acquaintances with Colonel Newcome and Becky Sharp, and to wander again among the warm and fragrant shades of *Greyfriars*, that green islet of peace on the untroubled edge of one of the blackest and busiest of London's currents. If, with a Fifth George on England's throne, the great novelist's centennial celebrations also bring us to scan once more "William Makepeace Goliath's" chronicles of the king's four nominal ancestors, let us go yet a step farther and meet and mingle with the eighteenth century humorists under his wise and kindly guidance. So doing we can in the best of all possible ways refresh our memories of Dick Steele and Mr. Joseph Addison (how characteristic that one unconsciously apportions so the nickname and the ceremonious Mister!), for 1911 brings that immortal pair close to us, if we did but know it. Steele's great work was not *The Christian Hero*, nor yet his charming letters to "darling Prue,"

the second wife; it was *The Tatler*. Addison will live not through the classic rhetoric of *Cato* but because Sir Roger de Coverley and the rest of the Club smile out upon us from the fugitive *Spectator* papers. And exactly one hundred years before a son arrived in the Calcutta home of the Thackerays,—wherefore precisely a century ago to-day,—was issued the last *Tatler*, sharp followed by the first *Spectator*.

Edmund Gosse thinks the *Tatler* created modern journalism, and if one is tempted to write another *Icabod* to that text, bemoaning that so little blood of the parent strain should flow in the veins of the manifold offspring, he yet will recognize the full justice of the phrase, and perhaps seek even a stronger way to put it. Steele builded better than he knew; his work was superlatively important. Between the death of Queen Mary, in 1694, and of her sister Anne, in 1714, English society underwent a greater change than in any other score of years in all its history, and the newly-appointed 'Gazetteer,' eager to make what use he could of the exclusive information that came to him in that capacity, diagnosed the need of the times to a nicety, and proceeded to dose it homeopathically with a compound of good sense and good taste.

The *Tatler* was the pill,—making its appearance, in mid-April, 1709; printed on what a disgruntled subscriber was to call “tobacco paper;” folio in size, its “scurvy letter” (again to quote the dissatisfied one) running in double column a story mingling social gossip with political news, and both with poetry and “mere learning.” Here was something new and all England took notice. There had been so-called newspapers ever since the Civil War, but nothing of permanent value, surely nothing like this, with its unembarrassed matter and manner. Steele scored a bull’s-eye with his first shot, for folks had been waiting, whether they knew it or not, to smile at the humors of others and to endorse a not-unkindly satire of their neighbors’ follies; if the attack touched them, too,—well, they were even prepared to put up with that for the sake of the new sensation.

For something more than a fortnight the town didn’t know who was to be thanked for all this. “To expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning vanity and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour,” was to lay hand to something clearly suggesting

the safety of modest anonymity, but with the appearance of Number Five, Addison recognized a remark he had made to Steele, and not long after that the secret was no secret at all.

It was with Number Eighteen that the old partnership of Steele and Addison was so splendidly, immortally, revived. Why should they not work together? Born the same year (Dick a few months the older in point of time as he was so much the younger in point of wisdom), both sons of Charterhouse and Oxford, friends of affectionate standing, collaborators once on a time upon a certain dramatic production that did not live too long, surely the official 'Gazetteer' might well ally himself to that brilliant and promising Crown Pensioner, protégé not only of so many great men but (as the great men themselves said) of the muses, too. Did the publisher realize he was also binding to himself the chief architect of public opinion of the period? Certainly not. Such things are only predicated when one has a century or so of safe perspective on his side. Here was merely a friendship renewed, a re-clasping of hands over a bit of work which made strong appeal to each, though in characteristically different ways. So, without too much moral intent, they sat down

elbow to elbow, and Will Honeycomb, and Captain Sentry, and Sir Andrew Freeport, and the widow, and the butler, and (at the head of all) Sir Roger, resulted. It was so complete a coöperation that it is difficult (even with a century or so of safe perspective on our side) exactly to separate the part played by each. Hazlitt gave Steele the credit of originality and allowed Addison only the artificiality, and Austin Dobson says much the same thing more gracefully: the "primary invention and creative idea" was Steele's; Addison's was "the shaping power and decorative craft," which is as near inspired truth in the matter as one need get.

The final *Tatler* told its story when 1711 was but two days old; the opening day of March of that twelve-month brought Number One of its more famous successor, *The Spectator*. Issued every day excepting Sunday, instead of following its predecessor's three-mornings-a-week calendar, the newcomer was quite like it, the same type and paper, the same single essay for body, the same sort of Latin quotation to introduce the text, and much the same quaint advertisements to tail off with. The literary histories of our school days would have us think of the sheet as

if mottoed by the often-quoted phrases which Addison penned for Number Ten—"to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell at clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses,"—but we might with even greater suggestive accuracy recall the opening words of that self-same paragraph: "I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, to temper wit with morality." There was indeed the *Spectator* summed up in a baker's dozen words by that one of its literary parents who had the most to do with its eventful career.

Was there too much morality and too little wit? One dare not, even if he would, speak slightly of the 'stainless page' whereon

perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity.

Some literary shibboleths are not to be looked at askance, besides which Lytton was only right in ascribing to the Addisonian style "that nameless urbanity in which we recognize the perfection of manner." But one may (parenthetically) wonder, at a time of bi-centenary memories of *Spectator* sort, if perfection of manner is just what one most wants in such a lettered undertaking. Writing of the man and not his style

Thackeray rejoiced in "that one little weakness for wine," which made Joseph

not too sweet and good
For human nature's daily food;

and, quite between ourselves, would not his classic periods be improved by just a bit less of the pedagogic tone and a trifle more of the saving sense of humor? Would they not, even then, yet merit the days and nights which the great Leviathan of British letters recommended for them a generation later? Sometimes the "parson in a tye-wig" preached, and again he only lectured, and sermon or discourse was all that it could be, but, really, he needed development as a humorist. Of course, he was one; else how could Thackeray, so sound a judge of such matters, have included him with Gay and Hogarth and Swift and Fielding and the rest. But what a grave humor it was, after all; Lowell was quick to feel the 'chill' in it. If Addison had only had a little of the frolic of Elia, or even of the whimsies of Sterne!

Let no such passing might-have-beens, however, blind us to-day to the mighty work which these imitators of Theophrastus accomplished just two hundred years ago. Mr. Gosse has epitomized it admirably:

Addison and Steele, had their eye on England, as well as on London; their aim, though a genial, was an ethical and elevated, one; they developed, studied, gently ridiculed the country gentleman. In their shrewdly civil way they started a new kind of national sentiment, polite, easy, modern, in which woman took her civilizing place; they ruled the fashions in letters, in manners, even in costume. They were the first to exercise the generous emancipating influence of the free press, and an epoch in the history of journalism was marked when, the preface of Dr. Fleetwood's *Sermons* being suppressed by order of the House of Commons, fourteen thousand copies of it were next morning circulated in the columns of the *Spectator*.

That pioneer (in his own guise, that is,) accomplished its mighty task in a short twenty-one months, last appearing on December 6th, 1712. It's all been figured out: how Addison turned out 274 of the 555 essays, signing C or L or I or O—incidentally she was the muse of history (wasn't she?), but actually the initials refer to the places from which those little masterpieces were written: Chelsea, London, Islington and office;—and how Steele did 236, and signed them R or T; and how Budgell and Hughes and the rest were permitted to manufacture forty-five. But no one has yet told us why the *Spectator* ended, just at its richest best. Nor has any one yet come along to strike the same happy, lasting note. The *Guardian* was

too heavy; the *Englishman* hurried to lose himself in a political maze; the portentous *Rambler* and stolidly correct *Idler* equally missed the mark; the *Connoisseur* was often futile and usually flippant; our own *Salmagundi* was the only one to score closely, and there is something lacking even in Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. Is there not some one ready to endow the venture now? Is it not possible of achievement, if—well, say, Samuel McCord Crothers could be induced to take the little matter in charge?

*A TOAST*

By FRANK JUSTUS MILLER

To the friends that are gone and the friends that are,
And the friends that will never be;
To the souls we have gazed on face to face
And the souls that we cannot see;
To the hearts that have beat against our own
And the hearts that we only might have known!

For the world is wide and time is long,
And life is a shoreless main;
And we love not alone the friends who are gone
And the friends who come back again;
But the friends who are not and who never can be,
These call to our hearts as the moon to the sea.

FIVE POEMS BY
ROBERT GILBERT WELCH*

THE VISION IN THE CITY

Bread in the town am I,
So would I will to be,
Loving its glimpses of sky,
Swayed by its human sea.

Out of its greed and scorn,
Strong hands and kindly reach ;
Over its discords borne,
Listen — what gentle speech.

Here in the surging crowd
Modern in habit and names,
Linger all unavowed,
Simon Peter and James.

Judas goes cringing by
Heavily browed and wan —
Yonder with timid eye
Passes the loving John.

On yonder flower-booth raised,
Pallid, the blossoms lean —
There in the lilies He praised,
Look ! The Nazarene !

* Reprinted with kind permission, from *Harper's*, *The Century*, and *McClure's*.

AZRAEL

The angels in high places
 Who minister to us,
 Reflect God's smile,— their faces
 Are luminous,
 Save one whose face is hidden,
 (The Prophet saith),
 The unwelcome, the unbidden,
 Azrael, Angel of Death.
 And yet that veiled face, I know
 Is lit with pitying eyes,
 Like those faint stars, the first to glow
 Through cloudy winter skies.

That they may never tire,
 Angels, by God's decree,
 Bear wings of snow and fire,—
 Passion and purity,
 Save one, all unavailing,
 (The Prophet saith),
 His wings are gray and trailing,
 Azrael, Angel of Death.
 And yet the souls that Azrael brings
 Across the dark and cold,
 Look up beneath those folded wings,
 And find them lined with gold.

IN THE SETTLEMENT

Long rains of pity make her sweet eyes dim,
 And line her faded cheeks;
 Her hands are worn with ministries for Him
 Whose halt and maimed she seeks.

Remembering His mother where she stood
 Striken beneath a cross,
 Her touch can comfort broken motherhood
 And share its bitter loss.

When little ones, love-hungry, find their own
 Too care-worn to be kind,
 Her virginal bosom answers needs unknown,
 Maternally divined.

The restless child is hushed when she comes near
 His unattended bed ;
 In her low croon his little heart can hear
 The mother who is dead.

All the long day and far into the night
 Her healing way she keeps ;
 Then she commends her soul unto His sight,
 And, wearied, sleeps.

And in the silence and the loneliness
 Dream children stir,
 Cling to her arms and at her bosom press,
 And comfort her.

THESSALY

Spring perpetual is in thee,
 Thessaly !
 Here our Northern boughs are bare,
 Ravished by the rougher air ;
 Nymph and faun are fled away;
 Procne left us yesterday.
 Would that I might follow there,
 And, like her, with folded wing,
 By the Ægean, blue and fair,
 Greet the spring,—

Would that I were now in thee,
Thessaly ! Thessaly !

Jason's *Argo* sailed from thee,
Thessaly !

But were I upon thy shore,
Golden fleece could nevermore
Tempt me seaward,— I would stray,
Like Apollo, all the day,
Careless of Admetus' flocks,

Happy with my dark-haired friend
Hyacinthus, on the rocks.

We should blend
Songs that breathed of love and thee,
Thessaly ! Thessaly !

All my dreaming is of thee,
Thessaly !

With an aimless step, and slow,
O'er our Northern hills I go,
Where the snowy uplands speak
Of Olympos' snowy peak,
Where the lowland slopes declare

Tempe far away,— this road
Southward lures to places where
Zeus abode.

Shall I never come to thee,
Thessaly ! Thessaly !

*ON AN ANCIENT COPY OF HERRICK'S
"HESPERIDES"*

Yellow and frayed without, but mark within
The sparkling rhyme,
That, like a dimple in an old dame's chin,
Laughs out at Time.

REPRINT FROM "THE TATLER"

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often ; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be an hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered ; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him ; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skillful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

THE SEA FAIRY

"Full fathom five thy father lies."

By MADISON CAWEIN

She was white as the sea foam that blossoms
And glimmers and showers its balm
From the limbs of the nymphs of the ocean
That crystals round islands of palm :
And she sang to and beckoned and bound him
With beauty immortal and calm.

She was dim as the spirits that glitter
In boreal climes of the earth,
The bannered Auroras, who battle
With Darkness ; or, godlike of birth,
The Silence that rolls from the mountains
The icebergs, like islands in girth.

She was silvery as sylphids that lend to
The morning the rose of their cheeks ;
As glimmering as spirits whose tresses
Make raven the sunset with streaks ;
And there by the ocean she beckoned,
And spoke as the sea-rapture speaks :

"Come with me ! come down in the ocean !
Oh, leave this dark region of trees !
Come with me ! oh, think of the thunder,
And infinite foam of the seas !
Come with me ! — No mortal love equals
The love and the rapture of these ! "

And thus it was then that she bound him
With beauty that no man divines ;
She, she with her kisses who drew him,

As Night draws the Moon through the pines,
Down, down to her grotto, her cavern
 Of coral that, murmuring, shines.

And there the sea-creatures, whose shadows
 Bulk huge as an isle on the sight,
Swim cloud-like and vast, without number,
 Around her who leans, like a light,
And smiles at her lover, pale-sleeping,
 Wrapped deep in her mermaiden might.



PENANCE

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Sometimes it seems to me the sea must ache
With the vast loneliness its great heart knows—
Its mighty beat, its thundering surge and sway
Lost in the empty spaces, in the dark
Of desolate nights unpierced by any star.
On coasts forlorn it sheds its tears in vain ;
Up storm-swept crags it sweeps with joy, and then
Falls back to sob in the old, terrible way.

Who knows but that for all the voiceless dead
The sea has grasped and hidden in its heart,
It now must pay with this wild loneliness ;
Must beat forever on far solitudes
Of rock and ruin and unresponsive isles,
And sing, colossal sinner of the world,
An endless chant for its unending crimes ?

SPRING THE MUSICIAN

By WITTER BYNNER

Minstrel, thou whose raiment
 Was the sky with stars impearled,
 Harpist, thou whose harpstring
 Was the axis of the world,
 Singer, thou whose singing
 Was its brightness as it whirled,
 O sing me now a new song
 With all the old song in it,
 With every robin, oriole,
 And mocking-bird and linnet!—
 O sing me now that new song
 Which on a dusty spinet
 Deep in the attic yesterday
 She sang to me the world-old way!—
 Great harpist, O begin it!

*HEIGHO*

By WITTER BYNNER

While dead men rest, and live men rove,
 And moons and mountains come and go,
 Soon as the right hearts cleave in love—
 I am, and yet was not. Heigho!

A stolen, dear, forbidden sweet;
 A swift, forbidden, conquering blow;
 A rush of fire from head to feet;—
 I would, and yet would not. Heigho!

Where is the gain for man and wife?

What is the harvest we shall grow,
That we must sow the seed of life?

I know, and yet know not. Heigho!

While dead men rest, and live men rove,

And moons and mountains come and go,—
Soon as the spadefuls close above,—

I was, and yet am not. Heigho!



LOVE'S GRIEF

By ESTELLE DUCLO

Before Love came, I thought how all life's pain

Would swift depart,

If she but entered on her sovereign reign

Within my heart;

A torch to light the shrine of my soul's fane:—

So dreamed my heart.

And then, she came!—Oh, that the early grief,

(Grief manifold)

Were mine again. Love's joy was bitter,—brief;

Those days of old

Held one high hope; it fell as might a leaf,

Decayed and old:

And as it fell, the seasons of life passed

To winter's snow.

Oh, does the blighting anguish always last!

Who dares to know?—

Love's grief is greater than all griefs amassed—

So much,—I know!

REPRINT FROM "THE SPECTATOR"

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention.—Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

Recent Publications

ANTHONY PARTRIDGE.—*The Golden Web.* The main interest in this mystery tale is centered in the possession of the title-deed to a gold mine. A story that lacks somehow the grip of the author's *Kingdom of Earth*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1911.

THOMAS DIXON.—*The Root of Evil.* A picture of the lights and shadows of certain phases of American life of to-day. A strong social novel with tense dramatic situations by the author of *The Leopard's Spots*. Garden City, New York: Doudleday, Page & Co. 1911.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. *October Vagabonds.* May-apple salad and Virgil, bird song and Paris gossip, forest browns and a line of verse,—what a treasure of fact and fancy the author lays up for a winter's day out of this autumn jaunt! A beautiful gift book. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1910.

RUDYARD KIPLING.—*Rewards and Fairies.* A companion book to *Puck of Pook's Hill*, in which this master teller of tales relates some futher adventures of Dan and Una, and offers by way of introduction to them a bit of verse, now and then of nonsense, in his own imitable manner. Garden City, New York: Doudleday, Page & Co. 1910.

FRANK WALLER ALLEN.—*The Golden Road.* A tale of the highroads and byways of Kentucky in the time of flowers, of the delights of *Vagabondia* by a master journeyman. What a wealth of tender, wistful feeling, of exquisite nature-sense fills the pages of this book. To know Jean François, is to know how to live and die. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co. 1910.

EZRA POUND.—*Provence.* A thin volume of verse made up from the English editions of a comparatively unknown American poet. Mr. Pound's manner is outwardly akin to the mediæval meridional lyric, but in spirit is wholly foreign. In his art some new spirit seems to throb, seeking birth. Though the lines suggest often the polish of Gautier, the effect is like that of the rugged beauty of Rodin and Whistler. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1910.

PAUL ELMER MORE.—*Shelburne Essays*. Each additional volume in this noteworthy series of criticism on literature and life betrays more and more the high seriousness and purpose of the writer. In his belief that criticism is a force in education, he is repeating admirably the work of Sainte-Beuve. The *Seventh Series* ranges from Shelley to William James. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1910.

SIDNEY LEE.—*The French Renaissance in England*. This account of the literary relations between England and France in the sixteenth century has been expanded from a series of six lectures given recently at the University of Oxford. A scholarly and serious discussion of a hitherto largely unacknowledged relation. The book reveals in every chapter that catholic taste and wide culture which are indispensable to any work in the field of comparative literature. The book not only gives the background that necessarily conditioned the borrowing but treats in an illuminating manner the French influence on England's prose, lyric, and drama, with now and then an intensive treatment of some particular phase, e. g., the borrowing of Lodge, Chapman, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911.

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The Pathfinder

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
THOMAS S. JONES, JR., *Asso. Ed'r*

A monthly magazine *in little* devoted
to Art and Literature

THE PATHFINDER is typographically exquisite, in contents arresting, and in the sustained editorial power displayed in each page more than we poor Americans have been quite accustomed to now or previously.—ALEXANDER HARVEY, Associate Editor *Current Literature*.

THE PATHFINDER commences its fifth volume with the January (1911) number. Volume One is now out of print; occasionally a copy is offered for sale at five dollars. A limited number of Volume Two is still obtainable at three dollars. The subscription price of Volume Three or Volume Four complete, is two dollars. Subscriptions are taken for complete volumes only.

Address all communications to the Editor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE
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ROMANS XII, 6-18.